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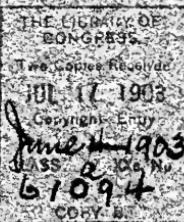
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# Mystic Poems

Composed ... by  
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**Lynn, Mass**



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THIS BOOK  
is Dedicated to my Teacher,  
HELEN A. SMITH  
and to my  
OCCULT MOTHER,  
and Consecrated to Suffering Humanity and to  
OCCULT MASTERS OF WISDOM,  
Past, Present and To Come.



VIARELLI AND  
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## Karma.\*

Tune—"To Him That O'ercometh."

That which a man soweth,  
That shall he reap.  
The River of Life ever floweth  
Strong, mighty and deep.  
Viewed by Divine compassion,  
Moved by Infinite love,  
We struggle o'er life's ocean  
To a spiritual home above.

We may not know Karma,  
The beginning, or the end,  
We rebel, toil and suffer  
While God is our friend.  
We're blind to cause or Karma,  
The past we may not read,  
We slowly turn life's pages,  
Nor grasp the book indeed.

The past, ere birth, seems pageless,  
Yes, the infant may not know,  
For its days and nights are changeless  
In memory's twilight glow.  
Yet its Spirit is in progress,  
Moved by its Life evermore  
Moved from the subjective ocean  
Unto earth's glittering shore.

Watched by Love maternal,  
Caressed to the bosom of Life,  
It obeys the impulse eternal  
To learn of objective strife.  
The lesson—to sow and to suffer  
And to pass the realm of desire  
In earth's home of illusion  
Or the path of Maya's† fire.

The forms of life are gathered  
Until the latest breath,  
And the soul itself has fathered  
The illusions of earth and death,  
But its passage to the hereafter  
Is lighted, so we are told,  
By the ray of Light from the Father,  
And the pages are seen—new and old.

As a man drowned in the ocean  
Has passed his life in review  
At a moment, ere life's separation  
From earth to the spiritual true,  
So each soul at death is empowered  
(We are told by the Masters of Light)  
To review past lives for a moment,  
For eternal memory's sight.

Before Abraham was, I am,—  
The spiritual soul can know  
The lessons of life and the why;  
Its unbroken links can show  
The union of past eternal,  
With a life of pain's alloy,  
For it sees the Godlike supernal  
Of endless love and joy.

Then rejoice forever that Karma  
Cometh to you and to me,  
Leading from wisdom to Dharma‡  
Unto love and unity.  
For the path of lives forever,  
Up through a life of strife,  
But proves that the sower and reaper  
Must attain unto wholeness of life.

Must come to paternal harshness,  
Where matter and justice blend,  
To learn that matter, the Father,  
Gives the rod, as Spirit's friend;  
That the soul may wisdom gather  
From life's stormy sea,  
To aid and love each other  
In the path of unity.

\*Sanskrit for cause and effect.

†Sanskrit for illusion.

‡Sanskrit for law divine, or love of neighbor.



## Joy of Life.\*

Who would exchange with a prince of earth,  
With his influence, or noble birth,  
One's sphere in earth's Karmic plan,  
As husband, wife, mother or man?

I would not change a wife so true,  
For fame, or e'en a mob's applause,  
I wouldn't change the children's love  
Not for so slight a cause.

I wouldn't change the sister mine,  
The memory of the past,  
The yoga's‡ glories love divine,  
The union that shall last.  
I wouldn't change this love for gold.  
I would pain endure for love so true  
Than lose this childhood's memory love  
That falls like gentle dew.

I wouldn't miss my father's care,  
His watchful eye and loving heart,  
I wouldn't miss the hand clasp there,  
When death has caused the tear to start.  
I wouldn't lose my mother's love  
For mansions in the skies,  
Its major part is from above  
The selfish in it dies.

I wouldn't miss the brotherhood,  
The brotherhood of LIFE  
Where you can see all Nature's love,  
In spite of toil and strife.  
In spite of toil and strife, I say,  
The spirit monads§ move along,  
Forms came and go, yet they change not.  
You cannot crush their rhythmic song.

But when in pure, self-conscious life,  
The human monad moves along,  
Where Spirit tells to earthly strife,  
That Spirit gives and still is strong.  
That Spirit gives and grows in power  
E'en as the scent of Nature's rose,  
While matter gives in peril ever,  
That leads its forms to deathly throes.

What, miss the glorious impulse of Life,  
That Spirit breathes out o'er the earth?  
Breathes out in matter! e'en in strife  
It shows its high and noble birth.  
For what is strife, but Life's desire,  
To build and hold its present form?  
It darkly doubts its parentage,  
Striving to exist by a life of storm.

I wouldn't refuse to reap, would you?  
Where I had foolish sown.  
Or refuse to come face to face,  
With my own soul, alone.  
I wouldn't hunt a scapegoat fair,  
For all my sins to atone;  
I wouldn't act a coward's part,  
If I had to stand alone.

I wouldn't refuse to act myself,  
I wouldn't imitate another,  
Each soul must root in God himself  
And learn to love its brother.  
The "Father in me" most men say,  
Is true as the Spirit of God,  
While men forget the "I in you"  
Except they feel the rod.

I wouldn't confess to "love of God"  
And all mankind forget;  
I wouldn't doubt "Man" whom I have seen  
And over the "Unseen" fret;  
I wouldn't refuse all Nature kin,  
Under the BO|| tree would I stand,  
And there own Nature's monad life,  
In heaven, earth, sea and land.

I would own the unity of Life,  
Its trinity with Love and Light.  
I would not preach, but I would teach,  
That love is law and law is right.  
Oh, Karmic joy, the universe,  
It rests on law, on law;—  
Physical, mental and spiritual.  
Thomas doubted ere he saw!

Physical, mental and spiritual,  
I wouldn't refuse the joy of Life,  
Nor doubt the mental plane of Light,  
As rational beyond this strife.  
I wouldn't teach mansions in heaven,  
A home of peace and rest.  
And dress in black and sombre hue,  
For those I loved the best.

I wouldn't drug my soul with fear,  
O'er the spectre grim I would not start,  
I wouldn't prefer a friend to go,  
And linger here a coward's part.  
I wouldn't enter heaven, would you?  
I would not be in bliss,

And hear Earth's cry of agony,  
What! forsake a shore like this?

I would stay on Astral shore earth-bound,  
I would tear the veil aside.  
And whisper intuition's word,  
O'er all earth's floating tide.  
To suffering and toiling men,  
Clouded in dense despair,  
Who see not spiritual freedom's LIGHT  
In earthly atmosphere.

When all that lives must suffer,  
I wouldn't "be saved." Ah, no! no soul  
Is quarantined in illusive bliss.  
That in unity would save the whole.  
The law of separateness leads to hell,  
Or even a whitewashed heaven,  
The soul of desire thus strives to be saved,  
But who would accept this unwholesome [leaven

While a soul is quarantined on earth,  
I would't desert, would you?  
Or enter a heaven of Hebrew birth,  
That quarantines us too,  
I would rather have Nirvanna's calm.  
With the "I in you" foretold,  
And the "Father in me" to keep in view  
As Jesus spake of old.

Oh, save "myself" is the fearful cry;  
The cowardly cry of man in fear,  
Goaded by priest, to conscience flame,  
You add the fuel of self-desire.  
Now fear thou not oh Frailty's child,  
But love in spirit all the earth,  
For God would cease, if harm to you,  
Should come eternal. This is truth.

For God, my man, do not forget,  
Could not harm You, or e'en a sparrow  
Except as God he cease to be,  
For God is love and not so narrow.  
He loves to help your suffering soul,  
Repentant one, to love and right  
He cannot wound; to save the whole  
His mission is, and his delight.

For God is love, and love divine  
Cannot itself cause sorrow.  
Compassion's law it cannot break  
Today, or e'en to-morrow.  
The Spirit Love that gave us life,  
Our ray of God's own Light,  
May shine on mud, but cannot soil  
Itself, the Infinite.

Nor fear thou not, frail child of earth,  
The priestly cry of freewill birth;  
God's sovereign will, they cannot tell  
Where it leaves off, or why man fell;  
Or man's own will, to smooth the edge  
Of man's career, who reaps where sown,  
God's will be done, you lived before,  
Must live again, your deeds to atone.

God's love creates both you and me,  
Like as a father pitieith child  
He cannot bear to have you fear

Then make its cause, your reaping wild.  
Sow better seed and thus reap well  
The fruit of God's own love,  
Godlike thou art in embryo  
Crouch not, but yield to heaven above.

What! Save a body, or save a soul?  
What! Know not the Spirit trinity?  
When the sacred trinity of man,  
Must be saved in the breath of unity.  
Love is not illusive, and God  
Is not delusive; I wouldn't take  
No anesthetic creed could make  
This path of man to forsake.

Salvation, oh, what breadth!—  
For other sheep, of another fold,  
For I, if I be lifted up,  
Shall draw the whole—so Jesus told.  
Salvation, what is it? All sin  
Is in the lust of flesh, self, mine  
With the "I in you" we must be saved.  
God's "circuit\*\*" I obey, divine.

\*Note—Eternal life impulse.  
†Karma, sanscrit for cause and effect.

‡Note—Sanscrit for "union."

§Note—Monads or potential spirit life. Its physical manifestation may be noted in the potential life of the oak tree; inherent in the acorn.

||Note—Buddha is said to have sat under the BO tree all night, in contemplation of the Divine unity of all monad life.

¶Note—Your Higher Self, or the Father in Secret.

\*\*Note—A word used in electric science.

## Truth.

Truth is a universal fact,  
In spiritual life, or earth below,  
On physical law it may now act,  
Or act again by occult law.  
For Truth is sure and travels far—  
"Can hitch its wagon to a star,"  
Can guide forever our super-sense,  
Receiving no earth recompense.

Truth rushes mighty o'er the earth,  
It ever moves the soul of man,  
With God's divine beneficence.  
It moves all Nature e'en to scan  
God's triad Life with Light and Love—  
While man shall highest prove its source;  
Self-conscious man as God's own son,  
Shall know and prove its eternal force.

Truth is a fact that may be known,  
In part on earth, but more above.  
E'en while on earth we may advance,  
In state sub-conscious we can move  
To astral heights awake or sleep;  
Where souls can call from deep to deep.  
A segment is man's waking state,  
We will assert this in debate.

His conscious whole is not complete,  
In earthly sense, or matter dense,  
Nor psychic mind, but spiritual calm  
Shall give us super-common sense.  
Each soul unto itself must roll,  
And practice involution,  
For man evolves in spirit-soul  
By spirit concentration.

God evolutes, we involute,  
To know his occult power,  
Then evolve by action strong—  
And then in twilight hour—  
"Enter thy closet and shut thy door"†  
Closing the door to all but WILL,  
Where intuition whispers low,  
And Wisdom-spirit louder still.

Truth speaks on earth and everywhere,  
It speaks in heaven's own Light,  
For mental monads vibrate e'er  
By universal right.  
Wake up, ye sordid, sensual one,  
Wake up now and at once,  
Or super-sense will soon own you  
A universal dunce.

Ye glory in your sordid sense,  
As common sense, ye call it real,  
Ye glory in a mob's applause,  
That knows not Nature's higher laws.  
Ye cling fore'er to transient forms,  
Which disappear at Nature's tomb.  
Oh how ye mourn and rend your souls,  
When roots are torn, as matter's doom.

Ye say in accents of despair,  
That no one knows beyond this life—  
Ye think that Life can know no form,  
When it shall end in earthly strife.  
Ye madly mourn at Nature's plan,  
And grieve so much that earthly friend,  
Cannot in Nature come to you,  
Oh! come to you, or message send.

Ye run at medium's passive call—  
What! know ye not that you can go,  
And tear the veil of sense aside,  
With occult power that Masters know.  
Then grieve not for the living,  
O grieve not for the "dead?"  
But learn to know your Triad life,  
And "know yourself," as poet said.

To the most of us, they're buried, friend,  
They are buried in the grave—  
Until the resurrection Light  
Of God's own occult wave,  
Which cometh ultimate to all,  
The sting of death to conquer ever,

Where friend to friend shall ever call,  
Where deathly power no more can sever.

The reason why that men must wait,  
For occult Gabriel's trumpet throat,  
Is man's own obstinate sensual life,  
That hinders e'er vibration's note.  
And stubborn man will never yield  
Unto God's occult wave of Light,  
Until he turns from sense aside  
To learn of Spirit divine aright.

Oh; foolish man to think that soul,  
And body ends your form life.  
Ye talk of God in accents wild  
As separate from earthly strife.  
Ye look at God as to a Tzar,  
When Spirit power pervades the whole  
Ye look on Him as from afar,  
When He's the Triad of your soul.

Then why not walk above the waters  
Where deep e'er calleth unto deep?  
Your telepathic sense should know,  
That sordid man is still asleep.  
Rejoice that Spirit is everywhere,  
For you can make your bed in hell,  
Or in the uttermost part of earth,  
And yet may know that all is well.

What though ye know not His great breath,  
Yet will ye not your Spirit know?  
'Tis the first step unto God's life,  
That man can know while here below.  
Yet man's barbaric instinct strives,  
To hark for God on psychic law,  
The "medium's path" 'tis ever thus,  
From the outside to say "I saw."

Blame medium not, her psychic course  
Is far above the sordid sense,  
Yet not so far, where Spirit dwells,  
As mental Light's beneficence.  
Then blame her not, she's but effect,  
Of an early priest-craft cause—  
Where domination was intense,  
From mind to mind, by psychic laws.

Yet though she strikes the middle path,  
Her course it upward ever trends,  
For when she knows true occult laws.  
She'll not permit departed friends.  
To selfish rule her psychic life—  
But rather unto Spirit fount,  
She'll go herself to see our friends,  
And render us correct account.

But oh, ye wisacres of earth,  
Whoe'er in solemn conclave sit  
To judge by laws of physical birth—  
And give the earth-wise cry of "nit."†  
Who know not spiritual laws aright,  
Vibration, Color, Mental Sight—  
Or occult law of sound intense,  
Where the "dead" can know by super-sense.

Though wise ye are, at once take note,  
Your minds must go to Spirit's source,  
For Spirit laws, that once God wrote  
There ye must take a college course,

Have will and intellect stand firm  
In Spirit-mental discipline,  
There ye must take a longer term  
Than Harvard says, to knowledge win.‡

Ye must unlearn a doubting life,  
For Kingdom's Spirit can be thine,  
Not in earth's scientific strife—  
But Union's conscious love divine.  
A whif of wind ye are today,  
Of nothing sure above ye know—  
From WISDOM's path ye may not stray,  
In occult Life's eternal glow.

For born of Love is mental Light,  
Itself is God, in spirit source,  
Ye do not read earth's strife aright,  
Who deem it but as matter's force.  
We're root-drops from the Power above,  
To learn of strife in matter's form—  
To wisdom gain by a soul of love,  
Individualized by a life of storm.

From physical to astral, spiritual,  
From ragged rock to Spirit source,  
There is no break in stream of Life;  
For Matter is but Spirit-force  
Solidified in forms of earth.

'Tis foolish then to dream of break  
Where'er our consciousness leaves off,  
Or path of Truth, thus to forsake.

There is no break unto our sense,  
In color, form, or sound intense,  
But occult Light is new to man,  
Vibrative Light he loves to scan,  
Whene'er he meets a spirit mind,  
Of friend departed from the earth—  
Or by a telepathic sense  
The living speak, and then come forth.

Midway from ear to ear in man,  
Rests e'er the occult pineal cone,  
Where man can radiate occult Light—  
And solar forces meet as one.  
Can look about on Wisdom's path,  
On physical memory impress its worth,  
Can know the essence of Over-soul,  
Above the brain of Earth.

"Light in the head" of spiritual child,  
Can be attuned to "Higher Light,"  
Wisdom's beloved ones to know,  
And can impress Earth's memory right.  
Can know those who may come again,  
Can know those who from us go forth,  
Can read Akasha's|| glorious page,  
Can read events to come on earth.

Three ways there are to know this power,  
The first comes at life's closing hour—  
When Matter yields to Spirit true—  
The occult Light, that is its due.  
The second comes in affliction's land,  
When disease shall weaken brain and hand,  
The third and last by concentration,  
Where souls can win Divine Compassion.

Who would not have this occult Light,  
This mental Light of bliss,

That Jesus had, and Buddha knew,  
That Moses knew and mediums miss;  
That forehead-center Light of Love;  
That mystical sixth sense—  
That physical science ne'er can know,  
Or dogmatism dense.

It mesmerizes not no man,  
It owns no spiritual Tzar,  
It lives the life of teachership,  
WISDOM's eternal law.  
With knowledge ever at first-hand,  
The past and future we may read,  
With teachership and prophetism—  
Man's spirit knows life's book indeed.

Selfless; it knows no power on earth,  
To crush a soul unto a creed,  
In spirit life it will not use,  
Earth's psychic life, for selfish need.  
For self above or self on earth,  
It ne'er will use its power,  
For it is fashioned by God's breath  
From eternal past, to present hour.

Godliness guards the secret well,  
The doubting Saxon may not know,  
Who eats and sleeps in beef and beer,  
The wisdom pentecost can show—  
Which Peter knew and David sung  
Of life immortal close at hand—  
Whose kingdom comes to those who live,  
A Spirit child in God's own land.

Know then my generous Saxon friend,  
That super-sense came from the East,  
'Tis there ye find a Hebrew Christ,  
Ye who love feast and spirit least.  
When will ye know that Nature's love,  
Must own all Nature kin?  
Your philanthropy must higher move  
Its ideal-self, to Spirit win.

Yet God is good, the key still lives,  
Its mystic power is holy still,  
While men, like children, cry for it,  
And refuse God's path, the SPIRIT WILL—  
The concentrative power of old,  
The discipline of spiritual Light,  
And yet we cry, oh for a sign,  
But none is given to sensual sight.

Would ye unlock to spiritual life,  
And turn the door of sense aside,  
Then take the key and go yourself  
Unto God's portal, there abide  
Until you learn of spiritual power,  
To gain and hold by occult right—  
But you must fail if wine you love.  
You inherit not God's kingdom light.

By flattery are we stabbed, my son,  
And spiritual flattery, so 'tis said,  
Is million times more dangerous,  
Than looking glass and earthly maid,  
Its sanctimonious, pius pride  
Feeds e'en the selfish Pharissee,  
It strains at gnats and swallows all,  
It blindly guides, it cannot see.

You now hold to arithmetic's law,  
Bold Saxon so ye can,  
For 'tis exact, the only thing  
You are sure of, in life's plan.  
The super-sense, ye fail to read,  
By physical laws ye have on hand,  
Then why doubt ye the occult laws,  
The power of life in Spirit land?

Synthetic laws ye may not read  
By vivisection's hand  
Ye analyze, but do not heed  
Vibration's holy land.  
For wholeness is the law of God,  
Its beauty and its Light—  
Ye mar its course, and loudly laud  
Your analytic right.

Ye analyze and criticise,  
Ye hunt for Truth's own laws,  
But Wisdom's own ye cannot reach,  
By civil's loud applause—  
Ye doubt not motion here on earth—  
Why doubt vibration's light?  
That lights the path of Spirit love,  
In Wisdom's mental sight.

Ye trace earth's matter here aright,  
Analysis is common-sense—  
But it must fail in spiritual LIGHT—  
This must ye know, oh Saxon dense.  
On ocean ye survey the coast,  
Synthetic's law, ye draw the whole,  
'Tis there ye use your super-sense,  
'Tis there ye start the artist soul.

God's essence, whate'er can it be?  
Divine we are by His own ray,¶  
With intuition's subtle light  
May we not catch his passive WAY—  
In reaching out through us on earth,  
Objective wisdom to attain,  
Or add to Infinite passiveness,  
Our individuality to his reign.

Under thickness, length and breadth,  
Exact ye are and science wise,  
The fourth dimension, ye lack yet,  
Its exact scope beyond ye lies.  
Yet know the Artist almost comes  
Unto its occult line of light,  
Its complete wholeness lies beyond,  
And may be viewed by occult sight.

Not e'er of earth, but Higher Self,  
We carry up to Infinite soul,  
Our own developed faculties—  
Realty's own, for eternal whole.  
Say you God ever active is  
In spirit life, or electric\*\* course,  
Or monad life; yet who may know  
But He passive rests, in central source?

The well-known cry that "God e'er hides  
His Wisdom Light from souls on earth,"  
May be horzoned ignorance,  
Self-satisfied with less than Truth.  
His Light that lighteth all the world,  
Shall Spirit hide, or ne'er reveal,

The Father's essence unto man,  
From a Child of Light, forever conceal?  
  
Compassion is ne'er no attribute,  
No attribute of God, my friend—  
'Tis shoreless essence absolute,  
Or God's great Breath. The message send  
To all the suffering ones of earth,  
"Compassion's fiat has gone forth"  
That man's eternal life shall move  
Unto God's love in heaven and earth.

\*Note—The formative phrasing of this line was suggested by a line from Emerson's "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star."

†Note—Quotation from Jesus.

‡Note—Slang for "nothing." The author begs the reader's indulgence for the poetical use of this word.

§Note—Vide Wisdom-knowledge by St. Paul.  
"Add to your faith, knowledge."

||Sanskrit for "Heaven's photographic scroll."  
¶That light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

\*\*Note—We are told that the "Life Impulse" is "Spiritual Electricity" flowing through the positive and negative poles of "Spirit-matter."



## Pentecost.

A rushing wind was heard in heaven,  
With glorious LOVE, of Spirit birth,  
It swept abroad o'er Palestine,  
It poured its power out on earth.  
It breathed upon Christ's fishermen,  
It gave on earth, a pentecost,  
To mighty throng of earthly souls,  
Now waiting for the Holy Ghost.

It filled no soul with dread or awe,  
It came not at emotion's call,  
But by a higher occult law.  
'Twas occult Love from God's own life—  
It came on blessed mission bent,  
To save those there from sin and lust  
The lust of flesh, that Satan\* sent,  
Who psychic lives, and perish must.

Now Peter rose, and thus he spake,  
Know ye that Christ who loved us most,  
Breathed on us twelve in Galilee,  
Bade us receive the Holy Ghost,  
And try to love the God of heaven—  
The God of love, so long foretold,  
Who anointed Christ with Spirit power  
As prophets spake in times of old.

Ye men of Israel, we stand here,  
We represent the Christos spirit,  
Revealed to us by Christ on earth—  
Unto ourselves give ye no merit.  
This is the day of Pentecost  
To save the souls of sinful men  
Souls lost from God's own Spirit power,  
Souls lost in lust and love of gain.

Behold ye now, salvation of God,  
Poured forth in Spirit power,  
With occult power that you ne'er saw  
Since memory's twilight hour,  
And while a soul in sin is lost  
His breath of Love, breathes out o'er man,  
Breathes out to men from heavenly host,  
Breathes out today in Pentecost.

For Jesus promised when on earth,  
The comforter, that men desire,  
Shall come to you as Holy Ghost,  
Shall baptize you with tongues of fire—  
With all the tongues that Babel knew,  
Spoken by ignorant fishermen  
Spoken as in a mother tongue,  
By men who learned not, now or then.

God's Spirit vibrates o'er the earth,  
From mind to mind it ever moves,  
'Tis not desire of psychic birth,  
It moves to win you to His Love.  
That love which bigots ne'er can know,  
'Tis Wisdom's self in central source,  
Above the wisdom light of earth,  
That moves by mathematic course.

All hail this power? you see today,  
'Tis prophesied from time of old.  
My Spirit will pour out on life,  
And gather men unto the fold.  
A lighted candle, if used well,  
Can light a thousand, we are told.  
So Christ's own occult power of love,  
Saves us from lust and greed of gold.

The Comforter has come today,  
O'er Palestine He holds his sway,  
To save our souls by power above,  
As taught by Christ, e'en God's own Love.  
Who so loved earth, that He sent Christ,  
Begotten alone<sup>t</sup> by Spirit birth,  
Freely coming from Godlike source,  
To save from sin the weak of earth.

Souls lost in self, in hatred's night,  
Lost from the path of spiritual Light,  
Lost from the spiritual brotherhood,  
And unity with Christ and God.  
For this ye see these tongues of fire  
Leap, as baptized by Christ from heaven,  
From face to face, by God's desire,  
While we speak words by Spirit given.

Ne'er doubt ye not the Christos power,  
To bring ten thousand Egos here,  
Angels above, or saints of earth,  
They come your penitence to hear.  
Breathing out in every tongue  
That mortal knows, or God e'er sung.

Vibrative note of Spirit love,  
Wafted to earth from heaven above.

You are required to live the life  
That Jesus lived, while here on earth,  
And learn to say "Depart from me,"  
When satan brings illusion forth.  
Not of two evils, choose the least,  
But of two paths, the righteous one,  
The other path, e'en though to wealth,  
Gives care and pain and loss of health.

I now look down through time to come,  
With first-hand knowledge from above,  
I see the suffering of mortal men,  
Assuaged by Christ's eternal LOVE.  
These suffering ones shall look on us,  
As the first-fruit: from Spirit source,  
Fruit of God's love, by Holy Ghost,  
Fruit of Christ's hope, by Spirit force.

I look again down future time,  
I see salvation come from God  
By faith, His gift to us, divine,  
That men forget and feel the rod  
Of punishment for flesh of lust,  
For sin conceived in self-desire.  
Saved now we are, saved they must be,  
By God's eternal Spirit fire.‡

I see that Mass is not in vain,  
Vibration's note is never lost,  
God's occult wave, his power of thought,  
His breath can move to uttermost  
Of earth and heaven, then falter not,  
But sing the songs that God has given—  
For power of love, in Spirit thought  
May haste departed ones to heaven.

What! shall our own Christ-love, O friends,  
Cease when Death's frown shall darkly lower  
Is prayer so weak at Pentecost?  
Shall its power cease, e'en at Death's door?  
Tis not emotional Pentecost,  
'Tis Life Eternal, Wisdom Love.  
Its power to help is never lost,  
It eternal moves to life above.

Eternity's alive, oh friends,  
Eternity is ever now,  
Eternity is always life,  
In active will, or silent vow.  
Know then your sensual lower self,  
Cannot e'er tear the vail apart,  
You must the Father in Secret face,  
To know religion of the heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus Peter spoke, the fisherman,  
The man who weakly denied Christ,  
Who failed to walk upon the water,  
His soul in weak illusion's mist—  
Doubted that Spirit ruled o'er matter,  
So doubt ye not, my brother,  
Or cavil that these words I write,  
Were Peter's not, but yet mine rather.

All hail these humble fishermen,  
These fishermen of Galilee,  
Who lived with Christ in Palestine,

Who knew the power to set men free—  
Who gave it out, and faltered not.  
At palace gate, or prison door,  
Who gave it out, denying not,  
God's power to save, both rich and poor.

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\*Note—The author here uses the word satan to personify "self-desire."

†Note—i. e. "the Christos or Higher Self," as separate from "Jesus, the teacher."

‡Note—"He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."—Bible.



## Sleep.

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Sleep comes to weary child of earth;  
It brings him peace and renewed birth  
Of life. 'Tis parent ever of joy and mirth,  
Is sleep.

Like water and air, we prize it not;  
We scarce e'er give it a kindly thought,  
'Till we meet its loss, with danger fraught—  
This Nature sleep.

This blessed rest from Godlike source,  
Some call it rest as matter's course,  
While others roam in psychic force.  
Sleep, blessed sleep.

Some pass into a psychic sleep,  
Would you pass on and WISDOM keep  
In Spirit force, drink knowledge deep—  
In sleep?

'Tis said the soul can travel far,  
While yet brain rests, to sun or star,  
And help the weak, itself ne'er mar—  
In sleep.

Outside the conscious waking state,  
'Tis said the soul, at lightning rate,  
Can soar afar, through occult gate—  
Sleep, blessed sleep.

Now who will doubt that evermore,  
Our Spirit in sleep, from Spirit-shore,  
May breathe to us its Wisdom lore  
In sleep?

At any rate, if its life's plan  
It ne'er can harm the soul of man,  
To wander forth, Love's Light to scan  
Asleep.

Yet, what if memory knows not, friend?  
Is waking limit, our knowledge end?  
Can WISDOM thought no message send?  
Sleep, blessed sleep.

Unto tired brain in earth despair,  
Walled up in ignorant den or lair—  
Shall memory reach not forth from there—  
From sleep?

We, conscious, are not of same mind,

But wisdom makes us generous, kind—  
To brother, who, to doubts inclined,  
    On sleep.  
Say not, I doubt until I know,  
'Tis but excuse of sloth, your foe,  
For fact close follows where faith may go.  
    Sleep, blessed sleep.

How wise we are, in prison barred,  
We sneer, and hurt our Spirit, marred  
By doubt, darkened and battle-scarred.  
    When not asleep.  
Sleep hints that mental power and will,  
From Spirit source come ever still,  
Brain flesh must rest, but Spirit flows like  
    Rill In sleep. [gentle rill  
None knoweth when he drops asleep,  
Yet some know after, wisdom deep,  
'Tis reward for Spirit-toil they reap.  
    Sleep, blessed sleep.



## Elijah.

Elijah, the Tishbite of Galilee  
    Knew well the human frame,  
He knew the power to make men free,  
    He knew the secret of life and death,  
And better for him had he used this power  
    Always to save, and ne'er destroy,  
'Twould save the pain of re-birth again,  
    And suffering, and loss of Joy.

But oh, my Saxon christian friend  
    Of sentimental, uncertain faith,  
Do you e'er doubt he had this power  
    O'er mortal man or spirit wraith?  
Then read your Bible in constant prayer,  
    But look above, where there is LIFE,  
For the letter killeth, lift up your eyes,  
    Where mortal sees not doubting strife.

The power of Life in Galilee,  
    Elijah gave to widow's son,  
A thousand years e'er time of Christ,  
    He waked the boy and bade him see  
Anew the human life of earth.  
    The mother rejoiced o'er man of God,  
Whose miracle had saved them both,  
    By replenished oil and meal for food.

But alack! alas! this Hebrew old,  
    This mighty man of occult power,  
Must needs e'er kill; his tainted blood,  
    Barbaric strong, in psychic power,  
Was not opposed by Spirit force  
    Enough to stop the racial stain—  
'Though strong enough to prove on earth  
    That he could save and slay again.

Say you that God would kill on earth,

When God e'er loves both far and near,  
When killing is of psychic birth,  
    And born of selfishness or fear?  
Elijah received this occult power,  
    Reward of God in occult Love,  
Reward for a life, whose every hour  
    Had lived for man by Power above.

And yet he failed when Kingly power  
    Bade him come down from top of hill,  
In coward fear of his earth life,  
    In spite of WISDOM and higher WILL.  
He stooped to kill, in path of strife,  
    When he knew well that message sent,  
Could harm not e'er an occult man,  
    'Though backed by many a regiment.

We pass over the prophet's killed,  
Four hundred and fifty of Baal's crew,  
Their death was by Elijah willed,  
    Who could forgive, for he well knew  
Of victory won that day on earth—  
When Baal failed and God came forth,  
By five from heaven on sacred altar,  
    While Israel's faith did not then falter.

We pass on to that Kingly message,  
    That caused Elijah to quake with fear,  
To tremble at the wrath of man,  
    When his occult Self was ever near.  
A captain came with fifty men,  
    Elijah killed them, we are told,  
And fifty more, with captain sent,  
    Who could ne'er harm Elijah old.

Strange, oh my friend, yet is it not,  
    He should forget that God was with him,  
That he who came to save a race,  
    Should kill, yet know the ELOHIM  
Was with him ever in earth or heaven,  
    That none could harm his Spirit Life,  
And that earth's life was a whiff of wind,  
    Just floating o'er a tide of strife.

Now Elijah's terror was foolish shown,  
    Should he, who knew events ahead,  
Quail at the presence of fifty men?  
    When he the Book of Life could read,  
Yet, foolish proven was he, when  
    Came fifty men, who plead for life,  
Their lives hung at a prophet's whim,  
    And not on sword or soldier's knife.

They plead for life, between two fires  
    They stood, both Kingly wrath and prophetic mood,  
Elijah must come unto the King, [let's mood  
    Or else their lives must end in blood.  
Elijah's brain, by occult law  
    Now cleared afresh, he plainly saw  
No harm could come, at once he went  
    And answered kingly message sent.

Now watch the sequel, for he was fated  
    To come again, although translated,  
'Tis Christ's own word in Bible print,  
    His occult word, 'tis not abated,  
    'This John the Baptist, now in prison,  
    Is Elias of old, will ye receive it?  
    Yet he who is least in kingdom of heaven,\*  
    Is greater than John," now poor in Spirit.

'Though Jesus said it, 'tis passing strange,  
"None hath arisen greater than John,"  
That John, who clouded and poor in Spirit,  
Not sure of Christ, in prison alone,  
Must know the clang of prison door,  
Must know the sneer of Hebrew throng,  
Who, as Elijah had occult power,  
That conquered men and used it wrong.

Yet as Elias, or even as John,  
Those two lives we ever love,  
Elijah sinned and John's own head  
Was taken off; LIFE's wheel must move.  
The Higher Self of both was one,  
For Elijah's act, John must atone,  
Yet doubt not God, in his great Love,  
For the Higher Self shall justice prove.

Now re-incarnation, doubt ye yet,  
My christian friend, or Saxon bold?  
The most of our race believe it now,  
Believed it too in times of old,  
When your barbaric ancient sires,  
Bowed e'er the knee to forest fires,  
Which they forsook for Hebrew Christ,  
Forsook for God's own occult mist.

Ye doubt again, then let me say.  
We'll let it go, 'till it seems plain,  
'Tis ever sensual Nature's way  
To doubt, to suffer on in pain,  
Or lack of knowledge on LIFE's plan.  
Solve it still better, if ye can,  
Things do not even up in life,  
In this uncertain life of strife.

Pail ne'er slops o'er, if it's not full,  
So give us a better solution,  
If life begins at birth, 'tis sure  
At death, it's dissolution.  
For life eternal must e'er be  
A circle complete forevermore,  
Or else if end it had, then we  
Are not to see eternity's shore.

The apostles twelve believed it when  
They asked of Christ, the blind man's sin,  
"Did that man sin, by previous birth?"  
Jesus could answer e'en in mirth.  
But still he failed to chide their faith  
In a past life, or future one,  
He rather renewed their super-sense,  
By telling them of Elias and John.

\*Note—The kingdom of heaven is within you. Bible.



## The Apostate.

What is it when we speak of poet  
As apostate of occult path?  
What mean we, when we show the road  
Of apostasy and psychic wrath?

Apostasy came by the poets,  
Say students wise in occult realm,  
It never can exist my friend,  
Except where Spirit leaves the helm.

It never can exist my friend,  
Except where Spirit is clouded ever,  
By psychic clouds o'er earthly life,  
That blinds the view of Life's own river.

It is not every day on earth,  
That e'en a Satan can come forth,  
Or a Judas, with name to sink in shame,  
To betray Christos,<sup>¶</sup> of Spirit birth.

A Satan must drown his lower life,  
Ne'er more to rise in Higher Self,  
Yet Judas, mayhap, never knew,  
His real crime for gain and pelf.

For e'en a Judas could repent,  
Give up his gain and take his life,  
Apostasy, what is it then,  
In psychic life, or earthly strife?

When Cain took Abel brother's life,  
Say you that Cain apostatized?<sup>\*</sup>  
Apostatized to brotherhood,  
Left brother Abel and his God?

It may be so, I do not know,  
That poets do apostatize,  
What is this that we talk about,  
In lower self, or Wisdom wise?

As Solomon of old well said,  
"The curse causeless shall not come",  
For Luther was apostate called,  
E'en by the Power of Rome.

Suspicion ever points its hand,  
E'en Christ was called Beelzebub,  
But shall we halt, when critics carp,  
To crush the Truth, aye! there's the rub.<sup>†</sup>

No man can e'er apostatize,  
Except as Satan he comes forth,  
Comes forth with knowledge of Spirit life,  
Misleading ever the weak of earth.

Byron did not know enough,  
For he, who loved women and wine,  
Could not from psychic path e'er go,  
To know the Spirit love divine.

'Tis true, mayhap, that poet's muse,  
Can carry poet to heights of power,  
Can carry him to psychic heights,  
Heights seldom seen in life's short hour.

But even he is not apostate,  
If he has done the best he knew,  
Has comfort given to souls of earth,  
Who scarce could know the spiritual true.

Now this we know, man ever is  
To self-desire a constant prey;  
The Christ temptation few can know,  
Can know the heights, can know the Way.

For those who know not of the Higher,  
The lower levels may not know,

The beetle cannot take the view  
To eagle given, for weal or woe.

And so the hymns that men have sung,  
'Though clothed in human self-desire,  
Baptised in matters paradise,  
Or illusion's path of psychic fire.

May have been wrote by honest souls,  
That wrote with faith, and hope, and love,  
That climbed as high as they could go,  
Toward Spirit source in Life above.

Yet now and then a David rose,  
Afar to sublime Spirit height,  
'For his delight is in law of God;  
There he meditates day and night.'

And even also patient Job,  
Who certain saw God's verities,  
"Canst thou" he said, even "bind  
Sweet influence of the Pleiades."§

Judge not, lest e'er you be judged,  
You can discriminate and discern,  
But cayil not in critic mind,  
By Spirit wisdom ever learn.

Where'er the Spirit-wisdom man,  
Shall e'er forsake the Wisdom path,  
Just for a tempted earth reward,  
Or to escape earth's psychic wrath.

When e'er he yields to self-desire  
Or flattery: he spurns the Spirit,  
Or when he yields to gold reward,  
Or favors given as churchly merit.

When e'er he thus refuses ever,  
To "let Light shine" on Spirit path,  
He then incurs in future life,  
Hatred of souls in Maya's wrath.

Of souls still steeped in self-desire,  
Apostate's fruit of a wrecked life,  
When he refused to "let Light shine"  
O'er suffering path of human strife.

Yet what is it, Apostasy?  
And what is unpardonable sin?  
When man shall curse the Holy Spirit,  
Deny the Christos, earth to win.

When man shall Satan e'er become,  
Shall ever his own Spirit hate,  
Shall hate all good now and forever,  
Then annihilation is his fate.

Yet, it is but his lower self,  
That earthly man can thus destroy,  
His earth-life soul, can crush forever,  
Deprived of endless love and joy.

His Higher Self, 'tis part of God,  
And even a Satan's life of force,  
Cannot destroy its Wisdom Spirit,  
Which has in God its primal source.

That eternal lives in Spirit realm,  
To send out other lives on earth,  
That may objective wisdom gain.  
Thus "Wheel of life" moves by rebirth.

For God e'er moves in Spirit power,  
Satan's power stops in astral force,  
It cannot psychic realm depart,  
It cannot rise to Spirit source.

Like snake that crawls upon the ground,  
Or cat that springs forth on its prey,  
Satan harms not, lie cannot wound  
The Spirit bird that flies away.

This is eternal spiritual law  
That God shall rule the Universe,  
For psychic earth's not Spirit air;  
Goodness escapes from Satan's curse.

¶Note—The "word" or second Logos from the "great breath"

\*Note—This phrase has an occult significance.

†Note—Provincial word for "a decisive point."

‡Psalms, chapter i, verse 2.

§Note—This phrase has an occult meaning.

||Note—Satan is here used to personify "psychic lust or self-desire."



## Freedom's Rock.

Tribute to the abolition singer,  
JOHN W. HUTCHINSON.

Beneath the shadow of old High Rock,  
Near seventy years your home has stood,  
Carved out of stone that could e'er mock  
The elements since Noah's flood.  
Lynn marks the spot and knows it well  
'Tis on her brow, o'erlooking coast—  
Since slave was free and Lincoln fell,  
'Tis e'er the spot she loves to boast.

Now on this spot you live, friend John,  
I write now, ere from earth you've gone,  
Of you, who songs of power e'er sung,  
That quickened Freedom's pulse on earth;  
That made its life seem ever young  
And caused its throng to thence rush forth—  
When Lincoln's call o'er nation rung—  
Subduing those who opposed Its path.

I write now that your aged eyes  
May read and know, ere life is done,  
Small need to wait, when e'en the wise  
Confess that you helped save a nation.  
A Nation plunged in deadly strife,  
Because It would not see a slave  
Within its borders cringing crawl;  
And all for this, its best blood gave.

As Peter once was named a rock,  
So you like rock have ever stood,  
In crisis' hour when slavery shock

Was sunk in patriot human blood.  
You poured out song with freedom's power,  
From East to West you toil and delve,  
You sang in critical Nation's hour  
When tyrants swore, its clock struck 12.

Of many songs from West to East,  
You sang for freedom and for nation,  
Was one; although it may be least,  
We love as patriots mirth creation—  
You sang it e'er with vim and power,  
It was "Which way;" it was "which way?"  
We hear it yet, at present hour,  
"Am your musket a pinting today?"

Now this to you we say, friend John—  
You lived your life and carved a path  
Of victory; not in battle won,  
But over souls; you lived on earth  
To crush a wrong and stir the blood  
Of patriotism unto a depth of life;  
That men dreamed not could come in flood  
Of such great strength, except in strife.

When Lincoln raised a nation's Karma,\*  
Industrial Karma sunk in fear,  
You sang of nation in unison  
With freedom's life, both far and near.  
Your songs they came like stream of light  
O'er clouded nation's atmosphere,  
Until our Lincoln spoke in might,  
No slavery e'er shall linger here.

It was Immortal Lincoln's word—  
"This nation shall ne'er be half slave;"  
Then Slave emancipation heard,  
And knew the life that freedom gave.  
Now still we thank the Hutchinson,  
As we thank Beecher and Greeley old.  
Phillips, Sumner and Garrison,  
Who called a nation to freedom's fold.

Let young reformers now come forth,  
Come with new issues, girded strong,  
'Though they give strength to life of earth,  
We'll not forget the songs you've sung.  
They cut new paths, or climb new heights;  
They cling to freedom, like Hutchinson,  
While yet you stay upon life's shore,  
With freedom's laurel you have won.

\*Note—Sanskrit for humanity's real growth  
in the path of cause and effect.



## Man.

Whence came Man, and where goes He?  
Man's sense has asked it o'er and o'er—  
'Tis mystery that brainy man

Should breathe and live on earth-bound  
'Tis mystery that planet Earth, [shore.  
Should on its surface man produce,  
'Tis mystery, to come by birth,  
Or go by death, with flag of truce.

This mystery causes pain and fear

In weakly souls, who future face,  
Suspicion ever has its use,  
Unto safe side, shall lean the race;  
But poor the motive ever is—  
For goodness strive; self to sustain,  
In an emotional paradise—  
And there forever to remain.

Yet Spirit points an upward course,  
That psychic man e'er does not know,  
No priest bi-conscious, knows its Force,  
His Spirit-trial don't conscious flow  
In path of mental peace and love,  
O'er emotional life, by power above  
In Spirit intellect and force—  
Where earthly brain is not its source.

Poor egotistic man of earth,  
Dreams that his brain of psychic birth,  
His desire wisdom is highest life  
Of mind that universe brings forth.  
Aided by priest, who psychic ever,  
Leads psychic man by tithes forever,  
In ILLUSIVE hope that self-desire  
Shall sastify in Maya's fire.

E'en priest's allusion to Love divine,  
Is given in life of psychic force,  
To save yourself, is priestly cry,  
'Tis desire love of selfish source—  
That dies when touched by Spirit-fire,  
By conscious Higher Manas Life,  
Where Union saves from self-desire,  
By conscious Life o'er selfish strife.

But why take time, by pen or tongue,  
To tell this tale of psychic wrong?  
The chosen few will still obey  
The psychic throng pursue its way,  
And of the rest that I may say,  
Will cavil, laugh and doubt it ever,  
Aided by priest; whose desire cry  
Shall close the path unto Life's river.

Yet I'll write on, the Christos said—  
To "Let our Light shine" forth forever.  
I will now write, while you may doubt  
Of occult Wisdom, Life's own river,  
That Masters found by "Second Sight"  
To be the Truth, e'en God's own Light;  
In Unity it forth may shine  
To mind baptised in Love divine.

The Secret Doctrine, that so few know,  
And fewer still the path to go,  
Was written down by H. P. B.\*  
That the straight path the West might  
No wonder then that western brain, [know.  
In bigot pride, should not take heed,  
When missionaries and science men,  
The East religion cannot read.

Ye glory in your science pride,

Ye glory in your faith and creed,  
Know them that born of Spirit Life;  
From mystic East, was western seed.  
That Spirit freedom e'en must come,  
E'er Shakespeare wrote, or Milton sung—  
Must come ere intellect was free,  
Or man atoned for psychic wrong.

Then listen! The Psychical Society ever,  
Its psychic course e'er will pursue,  
And psychic form life it ne'er shall know,  
'Till it pursues a pathway true.  
Miasmic life it shall not know,  
Complete in Nature's higher course,  
Q'er psychic fog it may not glance,  
Until it goes to Spirit source.

Oh glorious thought, the West and East  
Have blazed the Universal Path,  
The Path of Life, not bigot's creed,  
But Spirit union, not God's wrath.  
The dreamy East has helped the West  
The active West will raise the East,  
'Till Secret of Life to us revealed,  
As Wisdom's own, a sacred feast.

Then Wisdom Religion in Spirit Life,  
Shall pour Itself out o'er the earth,  
'Tis man's great need, then dies all creed.  
When Spirit in man's brain leaps forth—  
For physical memory then shall know  
The psychic realm as Spirit's foe,  
Then Spirit-East shall conquer West,  
With Western Love in Union blest.

Secret of Life, what is it then?  
Just to see forms in Paradise?  
A step to Truth, but not Truth's self,  
For Truth must ever by the wise,  
Be sought in higher realms of Light  
Than astral forms, models of life  
In forms that breathe on earth,  
Where there is also psychic strife.

Secret of Life! we are occult told,  
By Eastern men, Masters of Light,  
Is ever traced to Spirit mold.  
Ne'er all is known to mortal sight,  
Yet just enough to blaze the path  
Through psychic realm and fleshly lust—  
To know that Spirit mental Light,  
Breathes out Its Life on earthly dust.

Come, come! you ever anxious ask,  
What do you know about this Life?  
We know that mental Spirit Power,  
Is moving ever o'er earthly strife.  
We know that message can be read,  
From Life above it can be sent,  
And physical memory sure can know  
Of Life, in earth's imprisonment.

And would you know the Spirit path?  
Voice of the Silence<sup>†</sup> read you then,  
You know the Bible, then Gita read,  
And know God's message unto men.  
Think not the West has all the Truth,  
God never left a race to despair,  
"There are other sheep, not of our fold"—  
Christos eternal is everywhere.

\*Note—Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, who was seven years with the Masters in India. Author of "Secret Doctrine"—3 volumes; also "Isis Unveiled."

<sup>†</sup>By H. P. B.



## Sadie.

### IN MEMORIAM.

[Lines written on the death of Sadie Pearse, a school girl fourteen years of age, daughter of George R. and Sarah Pearse of Lynn, Mass.]

I never can forget the time,  
Friend Pearse, when you and weeping wife  
Lost all the daughter that you had,  
Who gave up early, earthly life.

But oh life's agony, friend George,  
When I came e'en on friendly call.  
To see emotion stirred so deep,  
Has not been seen since Adam's fall.

Not David's cry o'er Absalom  
Could e'en your suffering excel,  
I folded you unto my heart,  
What could I say, but "all is well."

Small comfort then to you on earth,  
Materialist then, without re-birth,  
Yet knew you that my message came  
In brother's love, in brother's name.

You since have learned the upward path,  
Where bigot's law can never move,  
The occult power that Christos gave,  
The upward path of Spirit love.

Her occult presence often felt  
By you and wife, from astral source,  
Was natural, although intense,  
As coming forth in astral force.

For she would linger yet, earth-bound,  
Being as we know, yet scarce fifteen,  
The broken cord of life left wound,  
That parent's love must heal, I ween.

With my arm friendly o'er your neck,  
She must have known our sorrow,  
Her cold form yet was in the house,  
Which must e'en go forth to-morrow.

'Twas not unmanly thus to weep,  
For Jesus wept in days of old,  
We live yet in Rajasic\* realm,  
Where men can feel, of human mold.

We are yet of rajasic blood,  
Moving on the shore of time,

Weep then, man, with tears, a flood—  
'Tis e'er no shame to manhood's prime.

'Till we can walk above the waters,  
We may be moved by emotion's call,  
Until we reach Gethsemane,  
Thus knowing God, as "all in all."

So grieve not more, father, mother,  
Or brothers three, grieve not again,  
Her spirit moves above the waters,  
No earthly suffering can remain.

Now calm yourself, O suffering soul,  
That flutters at emotion's call,  
Like bird entangled in a snare—  
Know Spirit power is "all in all."

"Peace be still," and ever know  
That Spirit power in occult law,  
Can message send to earth below—  
Submit ye then to Wisdom, now.

You'll meet again, perhaps in heaven,  
Or another life, you'll find a home,  
For love that conquers even death,  
Far from its own will never roam.

\*Note—Sanskrit for "earth life's activities."



## A Monologue

To WILLIAM P. HALL, Swamplscott.

Listen!  
Friend Hall,  
You and I  
Don't know  
It all;  
So, listen! !

"Oh that mine enemy would write a book,"  
So I could catch him with a crook,  
And twitch him forth into my power,  
Where I could "yank" him by the hour.

Now, yank away; yank, friend "Bill,"  
You still will have to climb the hill,  
Dogmatic hill, dogmatic life,  
Where there is argument and strife.

That ceases, when you know your soul  
Rests in Peace, with eternal Whole.  
Long since, friend Hall, I found you out,  
Now, I am "yours," without a doubt.

Good luck, sir, from A. J. T.  
Lynn, Mass., June 19-three.

## Elva.

Niece Elva, of Maine and Winthrop town,  
I send you poems written down  
By my own hand at forty-nine,  
I can assure you they are mine.

But yet not mine; I'll take that back—  
I'll not be hypocrite, or quack,  
They certain came from "Light in head,"  
Bear this in mind, as you shall read.

I ask you "Pentecost" to read  
And if you then your mind enthuse,  
Then please read out my "Apostate,"  
Or whatsoever you may choose.

Miss Elva, I do not expect  
These poems all you will reject,  
Nor will accept in your mind, wise,  
All I may say of Paradise.

'Tis ever thus the world moves on,  
Spiritual-mental, or psychic strong,  
Desire runs high or low and acts  
By spiritual growth, or psychic wrong.

Yet thought is ever above the act;  
More powerful and matter-of-fact,  
The nearer it moves to God's own life—  
Escaping from earth's psychic strife.

Forgive, if by a mystic power  
I may your higher nature move  
To a regret that you have read them;  
For I wrote conscience to approve.

I know one conscience that's a growth  
Of a dogmatic education.  
I know another, divinely smooth,  
With living Light that none should shun.

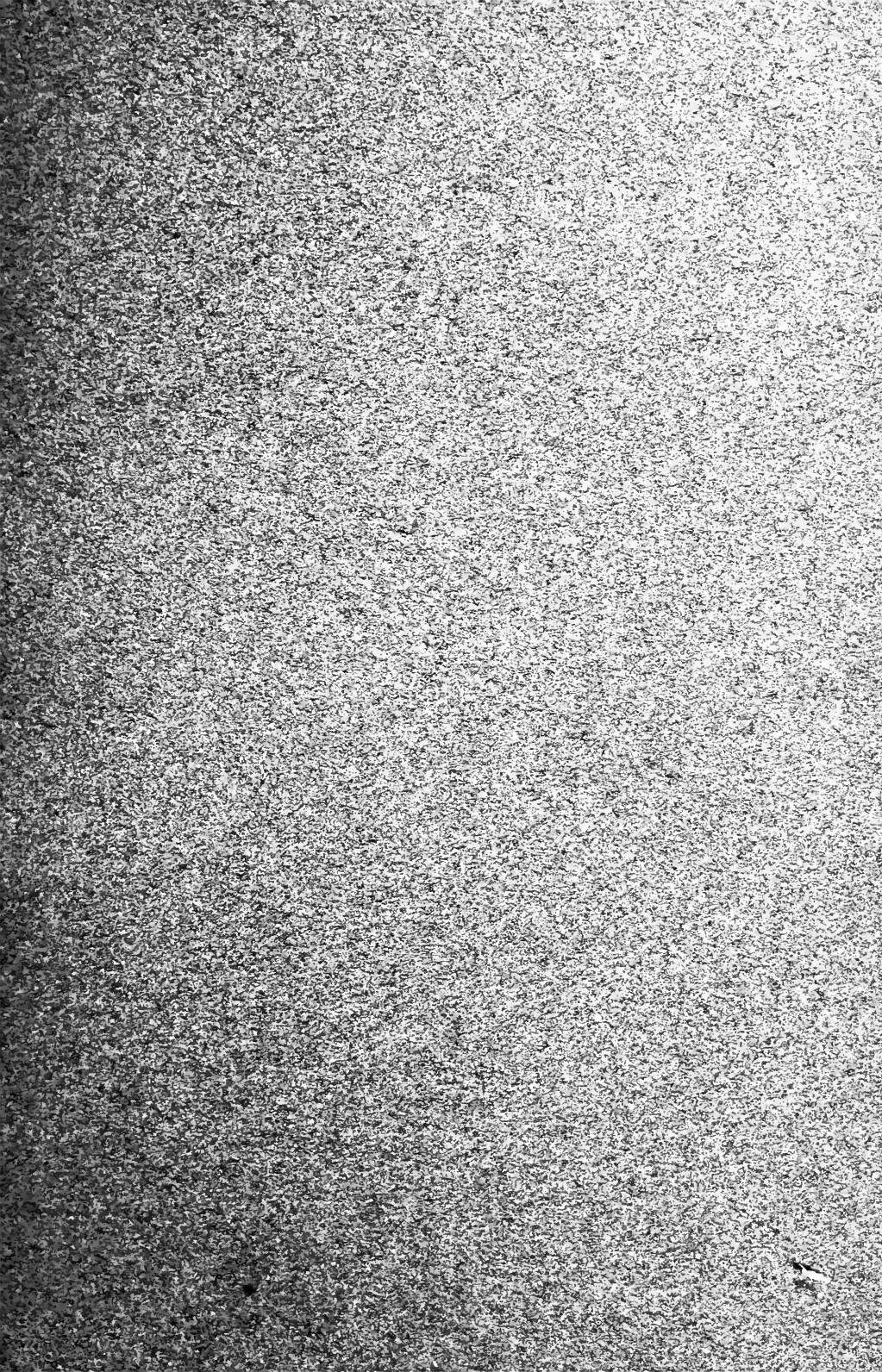
We are passing on to Life's own river,  
Swift passing o'er the realm of time,  
I must speak out, while yet on earth—  
Speak out my Life in word-like rhyme.

You are young, I know, but not too young,  
As not to know of spiritual growth,  
Which should e'er move us rightly on,  
Swift as our passage o'er the earth.

We ever grow by being honest,  
And speaking forth a message given  
Our words may shadow spiritual wrong,  
Or yet contain a Light from heaven.

But now I must stop writing,  
Lest they be not inviting,  
These words I am inditing,  
SO I'LL JUST STOP.







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Thou art, O God, the Life and Light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night  
Are but reflections caught from Thee.

--Old Fifth Reader.